

JUNE 18, 1926

# *The* **AMERICAN LEGION** *Weekly*



K. E. PYLE



## *An Ancient Symbol of Rank*

Centuries ago in ancient Egypt rings were worn as symbols of rank. In those days only those who were born of free born parents and possessed of a goodly share of wealth were permitted to wear rings. It was a highly coveted honor which fell to but a few.

The modern American Legion Ring is likewise a symbol of rank. It indelibly stamps its wearer as one of America's finest—a man who offered everything in defense of his country. A higher ranking as a citizen is hard to conceive. It is an honor indeed to wear an American Legion Ring—and as in ancient Egypt this honor falls to only a few.

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THE AMERICAN LEGION, EMBLEM DIVISION, INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA

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Gentlemen: Please send me a FREE copy of the 1926 Emblem Catalog which describes American Legion Rings and other official jewelry and supplies. It is to be understood that this will in no way obligate me.

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# The AMERICAN LEGION Weekly



**W**HAT is your post going to do on the Fourth of July? Will it take the lead in your town in a ceremony to recall that this day is the one hundred and fiftieth July 4th since the signing of the Declaration of Independence? National Headquarters has supplied to all departments, for further distribution to all posts, a suggested ceremony to be held by all posts of the Legion at 4 o'clock, Eastern time—the hour when the Second Continental Congress, in session at Philadelphia, adopted Jefferson's draft of the Declaration of Independence. The hour would be earlier for those posts outside the eastern time zone—3 p. m. for Central Time, 2 p. m. for Mountain Time and 1 p. m. for Pacific Time. Posts may also obtain a collection of material and plans for the observance of the 150th Anniversary of Independence Day by writing to The National Americanism Commission of The American Legion, Indianapolis, Indiana.

\* \* \*

**T**HE honor of being the first Legionnaire to pay his dues for 1927 apparently belongs to Legionnaire Vilas F. Adams of Kit Carson Post, Fort Lyon, Colorado. Any Legionnaire wishing to take the honor away from Mr. Adams will have to step some, because Post Adjutant Willis A. Brand of Fort Lyon reports that Mr. Adams paid up for 1927 away back in 1924. In that year as he was leaving for Maracaibo, Venezuela, Mr. Adams paid his dues for four years in advance—for 1924, 1925, 1926 and 1927—to cover the period he expected to be outside the United States. Now he is back home again, and Kit Carson Post can consider it has already made a start on a 1927 membership campaign. If it beats this year's record next year, it will have to go some, though. It now has 235 members, as compared with 167 in 1925. And of this number, 130 are men who hadn't joined the post until this year. Most of the members are disabled service men who are patients in the Veterans Bureau Hospital at Fort Lyon. Incidentally, Kit Carson Post made another record last year when, with a quota of \$200 assigned, it raised more than \$830 for The American Legion Endowment Fund. That's the type of post that a department is proud to own.

**C**OMPETITION for the honor of being the first Legionnaire to pay 1927 dues has been strong. The contest started when it was announced on this page that Legionnaire W. L. Barnum of Square Post of Chicago, Illinois, had paid up for 1927 early this Spring before starting on a trip that would take him somewhere east of Suez. He paid up for both 1926 and 1927 because he wanted to be sure he'd be eligible to make the pilgrimage to Paris for the 1927 national convention of the Legion. A score of other posts quickly challenged Mr. Barnum's claim, but Mr. Adams' record is the best submitted. Other claims, however, rival Mr. Adams' in interest.

\* \* \*

**D**R. C. R. BIRD, chairman of the Indiana Department's Rehabilitation Committee, reports that George Cosmas paid his 1927 dues in Joe Welch Post of Greensburg, Indiana, on November 11, 1925, shortly before he started on a trip to his birthplace in Greece. Anna L. Hawkins, Membership Chairman for Helen Fairchild Nurses Post of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, reports that three members paid up for 1927 on the first of January. Howard A. Achey, Commander of Edward H. Ackerman Post of Hellertown, Pennsylvania, writes that Lee Royer, Edwin Cope and Asher S. Kichline paid up for 1927 in February. Henry H. Dudley, Adjutant of Omaha (Nebraska) Post lists as his post's 1927 paid-up list James Clarizio, Joseph Haney, Emil Bogard, J. B. Fitzgerald and Roscoe G. Conklin, and he reports, furthermore, that Omaha Post now has one hundred

life members fully paid up. Can any other post come close to that record? The life membership plan has been described in National Headquarters bulletins to all departments. It is worth looking up.

\* \* \*

**G**OSHEN (Indiana) Post is conducting an attendance-at-meetings contest and the winner is going to get a free trip to Paris for the 1927 convention. C. A. Renbarger, a member of the committee handling the contest, will send details on the plan to officials of other posts asking for them.

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By KARL W.  
DETZER

Illustrated by V. E. Pyles

## LAST OF A SERIES OF ADVENTURES OF *Dean of the D. C. I.*

THE moon, which was in its last quarter, arose at eleven o'clock on the night of March 17, 1920, over the hundred spires of the ancient city of Tours. At seven minutes past midnight the Paris-St. Nazaire express drew in, exactly on time, to the broad trackage of the railway station. Seven men alighted from the first class compartments, thirty or more from the second and third class. Five of the first class passengers, who seemed to be acquaintances, emerged from the station in a group, crossed the Place de la Gare with their bags and light luggage, spurning the offers of cabmen, and registered at the Hotel Metropole. All gave their occupations to the clerk as police.

The two other occupants of first class seats hesitated in the great, smoky waiting room. One of them, who carried a stout cane, was obviously a stranger in Tours. From a letter which he took out of his inside coat pocket, he read an address half aloud, examined a guide book carefully, and glanced at the clock. The second, who seemed to be in no hurry, set down his bags and covertly watched the first.

When the first, a tall, bony, stoop-shouldered individual, well past middle age, who limped on his left leg, turned at last toward the main doors, and after some delay over his muffler thrust his black beard and white face out into the chilly night, the second one followed him. Two cabs departed from the station.

To the first of the cabmen, in an accent that smacked strongly of London fog, the fare had given a street address in the quarter beyond the river.

The second cabman, who took his passenger as if by pre-arrangement, received his command also from a tongue that was not French, and set out at once to follow the other vehicle.

The two pairs of dim carriage lamps crossed the bridge over the Loire, one directly behind the other. Their wheels rattled on the rough stone floor with a hollow, ominous note. As they approached the center of the bridge, the trap in the top of the pursuing cab lifted for a moment and its occupant spoke to the driver. At the opposite bank the second cab crowded the other to the wall.

"There's no argument," Monsieur Jubel, prefect of police for the city of



Dean's throat filled, for his name on the envelope was in the hand of Dan Lark

al commanders of the *gendarmerie*, the pick of the police of France, applauded his address.

They sat, rather cramped for space, in the guard room at the rear of the central police station in Tours, early in the afternoon of March 18, 1920. Christopher Dean, smooth shaven, younger by fifteen years than any other man in the room, listened attentively from a rear seat. As American operator of the Paris *bureau de police*, he had journeyed to Tours for no other purpose than to attend the meeting, to exchange notes with other officers, and as well as possible rest his tired mind. For a year he had run wildly up and down France after a professional criminal whom he was ashamed to own as a fellow countryman, Dan Lark by name, during the war a major in the Army. Each time Lark had escaped.

Failure irked Dean. He was not an inexperienced officer. He had trained in the American D. C. I. after the Armistice, and what better training could a detective ask! But to dig up a simple case of plain felony, finish it in a businesslike manner, and start on another, was a different matter than to catch Dan Lark. He was no plain felon. From Lark's own hard lips Dean had heard part of the reason. Lark hated the law, hated it with an undying animus, hated its officers, its purposes, its forms, and its results.

There was a reason for his hatred. Once, in the United States, Lark had committed a crime, committed it in a moment of passion, and months afterward, when he thought he had covered his tracks,

heard too late that his twin brother had been hanged for it. No finger prints. Clumsy identification, before the days of finger prints. Enough, the two looked alike. And Dan Lark became a man of a single overwhelming desire . . . he must beat the law. One by one he tested his crimes. Like a connoisseur he planned each undertaking, executed it with cunning, and surveyed the results with dissatisfaction. None seemed to please him. In each case, Christopher Dean and other accredited agents of civilization were too close behind.

And now Lark was under cover again, hiding, biding his time, waiting for new opportunities. Dean had followed a dozen false trails. Wearily he had returned to Paris. If for no other reason than that it was a change, he had been glad for the assignment to this meeting. Ranking police officers from all over the country were gathered in Tours to formulate a new plan of criminal identification.

# DESTRUCTION

Lyon, was saying, "our system of identifying criminals is antiquated. Even Doctor Bertillon, when his own method of measuring a man's body was the best there was, knew that some day soon there would be discovered a better. And he's been dead these four years. The systems that were good in his time now are clumsy, inaccurate. They must go. Identifying a man by his finger prints alone may seem an unsound proceeding to those of us trained in the old school. So we fear to attempt it. But we must! All police classifications must start with the finger print."

He sat down, hoping that he had made a good effect, and twiddled the gold watch chain on his white vest front.

One hundred and thirty-two French police officers, prefects of departments and of cities, *commissaires* of cities and *arrondissements*, chiefs of section, grizzled and close-mouthed old veterans of the *Brigade Mobile*, department-

Alphonse Bertillon, the father of identification systems, had stubbornly refused to admit that finger print classification was superior to the old body measurement plan. At last, grudgingly, he added finger prints as a small part of his own system. Scotland Yard, the New York department, the Berlin central office, all had supplanted the old Bertillon measurements with the modern finger print. Then came the war, and for four years France lagged. Bertillon died. Now, another four years later, her best detective minds were met to formulate the new plan.

Dean watched the great men of his craft. Jubel, the prefect of Lyon, Laspard, *commissaire* of the third *arrondissement* of Paris, to whom were reported more crimes a day than a goose has feathers, Fuellon of Bordeaux, the enemy of smugglers . . . there they all sat, flesh and blood fellows, most of them a trifle overfat, many with umbrellas leaning against their chairs. They had come a good many miles to hear an Englishman talk, a man from Scotland Yard, who should explain the advantages of the finger print system.

Deschamps, prefect of Tours, who presided over the meetings, marched to the platform.

"I regret, gentlemen," he began, "that our British colleague has not yet arrived. He was to speak at two o'clock. No doubt important business has detained him. We will go on with other remarks. Perhaps he will be here this evening."

None regretted more than Dean the failure of George Francis Goodhue to arrive. Goodhue of the London Criminal Investigation Division! An identification wizard, that fellow! He it was who perfected the system for all England. A cripple, Dean had heard; at least lame. For twenty-five years, unable to get about the streets easily himself, he had sat perseverantly in an office chair and studied the loops and whorls in the skin of men's fingers and thumbs. A great, scheming, burning mentality in a broken body.

"I expected him last night," Deschamps was saying. "I had invited him to my home. He cannot go about much, gentlemen, as you know. He must be protected from fatigue. Ask as few questions as possible when he does come. We will hear much without asking."

There was still no message from Inspector Goodhue at five o'clock, when the meeting adjourned for dinner. Dean, watching the others pass out, caught a glimpse of Inspector Lacarte, his own immediate superior in the Paris office, arguing in good-humored excitement with an officer from Marseilles. As the American approached the door a gendarme walked toward him, touching his cap in salute.

"Monsieur Dean? A message, to be delivered to you when the meeting was over."

It was a plain white envelope that might have been purchased in any of a thousand stationery shops. But as he glanced at the address, Dean's throat seemed to fill with a pot of pepper, and he choked; black spots danced before his eyes in the afternoon light of the courtyard; he coughed, and leaned against the wall.

For his name was written boldly across the face of the envelope in a clear, easy running hand that he knew very well was the hand of Dan Lark.

"Inspector!" he summoned Lacarte.

"Yes, Monsieur Dean!" The Paris detective looked at him in astonishment. "My friend," he asked solicitously, "you are not well?"

"This just came . . . Lark is about . . ."

"What does he say? Come, what does he say?"

"I haven't looked," Dean answered.

He slowly ripped open the envelope.

On a plain slip of cardboard was printed the cryptic message:

"Eight o'clock tonight."

That was all.

Dean looked curiously from the lettering to Lacarte's amazed face. Lacarte looked from Dean to the message.

"Monsieur Lark is the devil's brother-in-law!" the Frenchman cried.

"This, my friend, is a warning!"

Dean wiped his face, hoping the other could not see the sweat that he felt uncomfortably above his lips.

"A threat!" Lacarte repeated. "Eight o'clock tonight! Why, the man's mad!"

"But that he should be in Tours," Dean said slowly, "with the best police in the country all here together, daring us!"

The other officers, waving their fat umbrellas and conversing excitedly, jostled out to dinner while Dean and Lacarte talked, leaving them alone in the white courtyard. High stone walls, for the most part windowless, loomed on four sides. A narrow passageway at the front led through a heavy iron gate to the street. Here, in the seclusion of the courtyard, the central station of the Tours police hid discreetly behind the ornate façade of the Hotel de Ville. Police off duty but in uniform lounged about the entry. The place had an air of peace and of solid security.

Yet Christopher Dean realized that, in spite of all the precautions of an old and ordered civilization, if Dan Lark chose to dance a jig on the roof of the police station itself that night, he

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He lighted a candle and walked through. The kitchen was in disorder, as if an army of ponies had drilled there



*A glimpse of Main Street in Monrovia, capital of the Negro republic of Liberia, now assuming prominence in the world of affairs because American interests are planning to invest millions of dollars in rubber plantations there. Below, the White House in Monrovia. Founded more than a century ago by Negro freedmen from America, Liberia is today more than ever under the "moral protectorate" of the United States*

# Uncle Sam's Black Nephew

By ARTHUR POUND



**M**ORE than a hundred years ago a rocky headland on the West Coast of Africa was the scene of an heroic exploit that deserves to live in American history. A handful of American Negroes, whose white leaders had all returned to the United States for stores and for reinforcements to offset the toll taken by fever, were defending their little outpost of civilization against cannibal natives. To them in their desperate plight came a British man of war.

"Cede us a piece of your land and run up the British flag," said its captain, "and we'll soon clear these fellows out with our guns."

The answer was an indignant refusal voiced by the commander of the beleaguered garrison—Elijah Johnson. The British ship went its way; the black Americans stood fast, took their losses, and kept the flag flying till relief came.

Sir Harry Johnstone, as staunch a Britisher as lives, tells the story in his notable work on Liberia, but he hastens to add that on many later occasions the British supported the Liberians with both supplies and men in their early contests with slave traders and savages. All of which is quite true, and from the American standpoint rather

painful. Americans founded the colony and financed its early stages; the Liberians were as loyal Americans as ever went abroad, and the world accepted without question the fact of an unwritten, moral American protectorate over Liberia. Nevertheless our government gave the colonists far less aid than the British did, and when Liberian interests conflicted with British interests later on the subject of taxation, Uncle Sam turned the coldest of cold shoulders on his black nephew, the State Department saying, "We have no intention of claiming for Liberia the status of an American colony." Thus spurned, Liberia soon afterward declared itself an independent republic, in 1847; but after a swing toward England the old, sentimental tie with the United States reasserted itself. Today the "moral protectorate" is again in full force, tacitly recognized by foreign powers and definitely banked on American interests planning to invest millions in Liberian rubber plantations in order to break British price control of that commodity.

Although the American colonists made good their hold on the shoreline of one of Africa's most fertile and accessible regions, they lacked the numbers and resources to carry their influence into the interior. Native tribes, clinging stubbornly to fetish worship and Mohammedanism, registered almost complete indifference to republican principles. The old tribal ways

were good enough for them. In time it became evident that the gulf between American blacks and African blacks—a gulf which represented the cultural influence of more than a century of Negro training in civilization—was too great to be easily bridged. Missionary support dwindled; then the Civil War and the abolition of slavery checked the thin stream of immigration from the United States. One reason for the existence of the Republic of Liberia departed with the Emancipation Proclamation. Only 2,000 American Negroes have gone to Liberia since 1860.

From being a burning hope of race redemption Liberia lapsed into something of a nuisance. For sixty years the little Negro republic on the west coast held its own while the rest of Africa was being staked out by European powers. President Roosevelt sent a commission there to investigate Liberia's plight in 1909 with the result that the United States a year later assumed control of Liberia's finances, foreign affairs and military establishment, with the consent and co-operation of Great Britain, Germany and France. Because Liberia fell upon hard times owing to lack of shipping facilities during the war, the United States Treasury agreed to a Liberian loan, but the only good that loan has done Liberia to date was to defray the modest expenses of the Liberian delegate to the Peace Conference. That

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# Memorials That Keep Alive Democracy's Comradeship

**I**F Verdun had fallen before the invader's onrush in the World War, the course of history would have been changed. In the long battle that raged at Verdun, Democracy, with its back to the wall, withstood the last attacks of medievalism. A huge memorial is now being erected at Verdun to recall for all time the significance of the struggle waged there—a memorial that will be forever a shrine of Democracy preserved.

The memorial will be a long, cloistered ossuary surmounted by a tower in which a perpetual torch will burn. That light will fall not only upon the battlefields in Verdun's shadow but also to the battlefields of the Meuse-Argonne beyond on which one million American soldiers fought in 1918.

The Ossuary of Verdun will in truth be a lighthouse for the world. It will be looked upon as one of the world's most noble structures, noble in the associations it recalls and noble in its own architectural grandeur.

The Ossuary of Verdun is to be an international memorial. When France hurled her defiance at the invader—"They Shall Not Pass"—she spoke for all those who were opposing military despotism. This memorial will commemorate the victory of all who shared with France the task of preserving for posterity the hard-won rights of humanity.

The French people have assumed the biggest share of the cost of constructing this imposing memorial. The peoples of other allied nations have also contributed large sums as evidence of their wishes to be represented in this perpetual memorial. The French committee in charge of the project offers to the United States the central

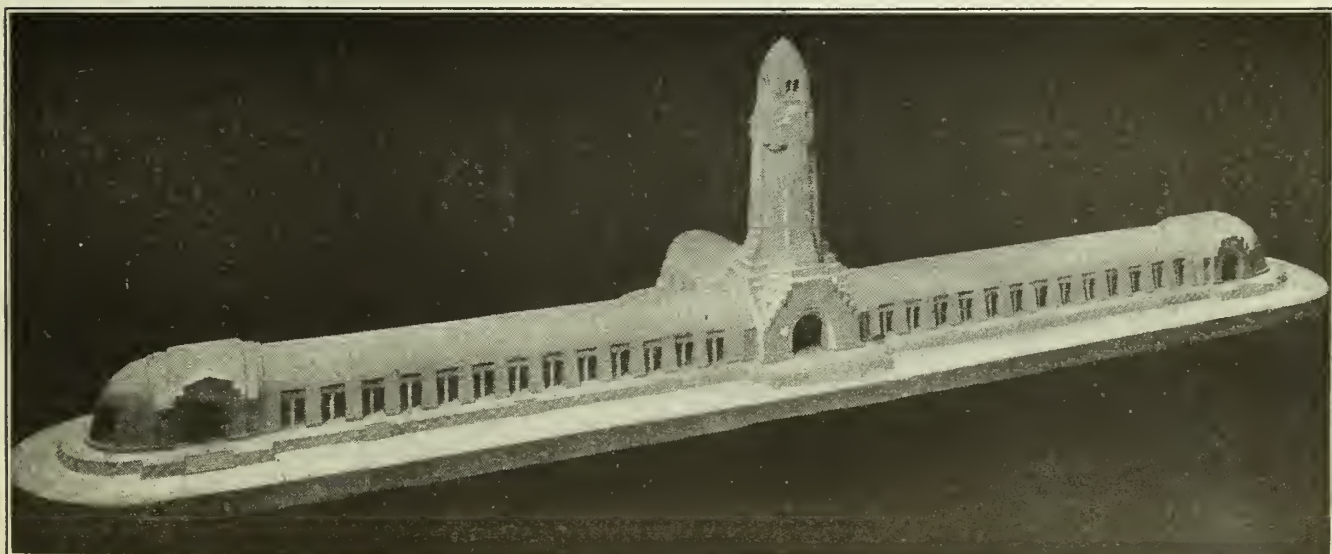
tower of the monument on which would be engraved an inscription in relief recalling the American participation in the conflict; and the flag of the United States would be raised side by side with the flag of France.

At Liege in Belgium, where the first great shock of the war was borne, another international memorial will be erected, a vast hall in which each allied country will have its representation.

The National Executive Committee of The American Legion at a meeting in May endorsed the Verdun and Liege memorials as worthy of the support of The American Legion on behalf of the United States. Your National Commander was directed to present an appeal to all posts of The American Legion and units of The American Legion Auxiliary for voluntary contributions for these two memorials. Your National Commander, in making this appeal, has confidence that the posts and units of the Legion and the Auxiliary will respond in a manner in keeping with the way in which the Legion and the Auxiliary have always met obligations direct or implied. It is a pleasure for your National Commander to announce that contributions for the Verdun and Liege Memorial Fund may be sent to Robert H. Tyndall, National Treasurer of The American Legion, Indianapolis, Indiana.

*J. R. McQuigg*  
National Commander

This noble structure will stand on the highest point of the battlefields of Verdun—a cloistered Ossuary, in which will rest the bones of tens of thousands of unidentified dead, surmounted by a tower in which a torch will burn perpetually. The French people and the people of other allied nations are contributing funds for the Ossuary of Verdun, one of the two World War memorials abroad which the Legion has endorsed



# Out in Front, Going Strong

By ALEXANDER GARDINER

FOR most of us there isn't any magic abracadabra that will force the door to success wide enough for us to enter. Ali Baba with his open sesame and Aladdin with his lantern are pleasing fantasies, the Louisiana Lottery isn't running any more, Ponzi's latest bubble has burst, and the hundred-to-one shots at the race track don't win even once in a thousand times. But those old copy book maxims that the Horatio Alger heroes always followed amid the vicissitudes of life in a big city—ah, those are something else again. Such as, for instance, WORK AND WIN.

That's the motto of the Department of Illinois of The American Legion in its campaign to lead every other department of the Legion in numerical strength when the books are closed next fall. It has become the central thought in every waking hour of every post officer in every one of the hundred and two counties of the State. You can't be a veteran of the War and live in Illinois without hearing talk about a fight they're having with the Pennsylvania and New York Legionnaires for that membership honor. They're working and talking membership day and night, and always they work with the end in view of being on top. Late in May, when this article was written, they were still ahead, although New York was coming up with a rush and Pennsylvania was not far behind. Illi-

nois intends to keep out in front, to fight it out on that line if it takes all summer, as a certain Illinois citizen once remarked.

From Bloomington, Department Headquarters, go forth periodically bulletins setting forth the high spots of the campaign. Rapier thrusts and bludgeon blows, and information, always information, for the benefit of the various counties and districts in the State. There are one hundred and two counties in Illinois. Forty-nine of them had passed their 1925 total membership the last week in May, and hardly a dozen of the 102 will go into the summer solstice (June 21 in plain English) with less than seventy percent of their 1926 objective. Oh, yes, the Illinois Department as a whole has more members today than it had in all of 1925, by two thousand and more.

But of course there are posts and counties and districts (the Department is divided into twenty-three districts) that are lagging a bit, hence the rapier thrusts and the bludgeon blows in the bulletins Department Adjutant Floyd J. Heckel sends forth from Bloomington. Every county has its Legion organization. Each week the county chairman reads a bulletin from Heckel telling where his organization stands. Several counties make up a district. Each week district chairmen hear from Heckel. They hear not only about their districts, but they are also furnished

with a memorandum showing how their respective posts are doing. Smith of the Umpteenth District can't kid Jones of the neighboring district so successfully if Jones is able to point out that Smith's home town post has only eighty percent of the membership it had in 1925. Every department officer knows each week how the home town post of every other department officer stands. It's good membership wampum.

Here are a few outstanding membership achievements of this year. Woodlawn Post in the Chicago District had eighty-four members in 1925. Before the end of May it had 639 and was still going. Flora, in the southern part of the State, the picturesque "Egypt," had slumped down last year to only sixteen members. Now they're well above a hundred and on the way back to the 153 total they had in 1920. There's Norman J. Cornwall Post on the west side of Chicago. It wasn't organized until 1922, when it had its best year, with thirty-four members. Last year it had twenty-four. This year 107 and still remitting cards. Cartersville, a mining town in Williamson County, had twenty-eight members last year, this year, 105.

Four Chicago posts, Consumers Company, Rogers Park, Western Springs, and Dolton show membership increases of well above three hundred percent, while those who are three and a half

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THE nation-wide membership campaign is making progress. From Maine to California and from the Lakes to the Gulf membership is the major objective. Centers of resistance are being steadily taken. The whole battle-line, 3,500 miles in length and 1,000 miles in depth, is advancing. By the time this is read our membership will be a good many thousand ahead of what it was at the end of last year. The actual amount of gain in membership this year, over that of previous years, will depend on the amount of hard work done by each Legionnaire between now and the Philadelphia Convention.

All members acquired from now on will be velvet and will help to increase the amount of gain over previous years. Let us hereafter think only of the quotas assigned to Departments by National Headquarters for this year.

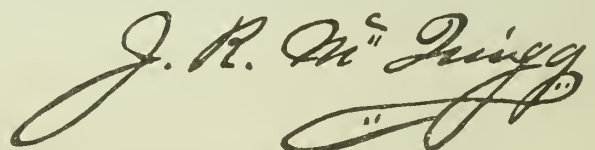
These are our next objectives. Now is the time to reform the lines, strengthen the weak spots and bring up the reserves.

Membership committees should be checked over and vacancies filled. Eligible lists should be examined and enlarged wherever possible.

With these preparations completed, and any others made necessary by local conditions, the next advance should be made to continue until the quotas are reached or until the date of the Philadelphia Convention has arrived. There must be no "Cease Firing" and no "Re-

call." This is an all-summer's campaign. Out-door meetings, picnic parties and public gatherings all afford opportunities for getting in contact with prospects, and in the vast majority of cases personal contact is absolutely necessary to secure the signature on the dotted line.

Your National Commander, in carrying out the mandate of the National Convention in regard to a membership campaign, has already visited and spoken in forty States. Everywhere he has been greeted by large audiences, and it is quite apparent the people of the Nation are becoming more and more interested in The American Legion and the principles for which it stands. The spirit of co-operation was never greater in the Legion than it is at present. The annual shrinkage in membership has been stopped and we are now on the upgrade. How far we shall go depends on the individual efforts of each Legionnaire. Millions of former service men are not yet in the Legion. The right kind of effort at this time will bring in hundreds of thousands of them.

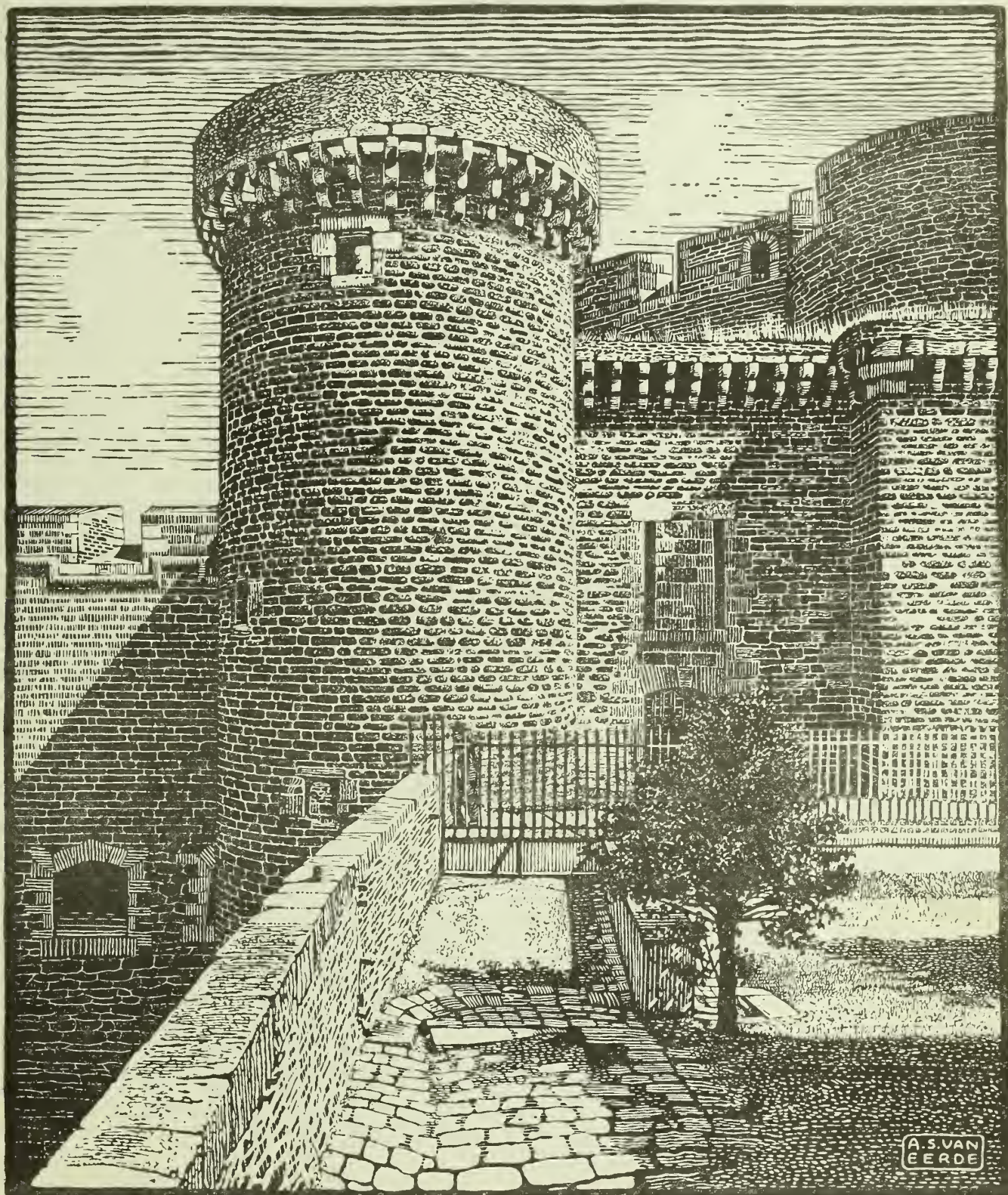


National Commander

# Corners of A. E. F. France

*VIII. Chateau de Brest, Entree du Donjon, Brest*

*from a drawing*  
by A. S. VAN EERDE



BREST, with its reputation as the rainiest of French towns, needs no introduction to the large percentage of the men of the A. E. F. who either debarked or embarked at the farthest-west French port. The castle, or Chateau de Brest, was built in the 13th century to replace a Roman fort, fragments of which are incorporated in its base.

Present-day visitors are shown only the various cells and dungeons, about each of which some special tale of horror or suffering of the political prisoners formerly entombed therein is told. The above picture is of the entrance to the principal donjon of the old chateau. The building is now used as a military headquarters.

# EDITORIAL

*FOR God and country, we associate ourselves together for the following purposes: To uphold and defend the Constitution of the United States of America; to maintain law and order; to foster and perpetuate a one hundred percent Americanism; to preserve the memories and incidents of our association in the Great War; to inculcate a sense of individual obligation to the community, state and nation; to combat the autocracy of both the classes and the masses; to make right the master of might; to promote peace and good will on earth; to safeguard and transmit to posterity the principles of justice, freedom and democracy; to consecrate and sanctify our comradeship by our devotion to mutual helpfulness.—Preamble to Constitution of The American Legion.*

## Congress Extends the Time

**T**HE insurance rights of several millions of World War veterans have been saved. Instead of losing automatically on July 2, 1926, the right to reinstate and convert the yearly renewable term insurance policies—the temporary insurance of the war period—they are now given the privilege of reinstating or converting their insurance up to July 2, 1927. The Reed Insurance Bill, extending the time for reinstatement and conversion, was enacted by Congress on May 25th, at a time when the log jam of legislation which had developed in the face of adjournment placed in doubt the fate of all legislation for which the Legion has been fighting.

As this is written, a few days after the enactment of the insurance extension law, the Legion's National Legislative Committee is keeping up its fight for the passage of the three major bills which embody the recommendations of the Legion's Omaha national convention chiefly for the benefit of disabled men and their dependents and surviving relatives, and before this is read the newspapers may have announced the enactment of one or all of them. Urgent as is the necessity for these three bills—and it may be taken for granted that in case they are not passed the fight for them will be renewed at the next session of Congress—the urgency of the insurance measure was much stronger. The adoption of this measure has come just in time to prevent for hundreds of thousands of men the extinction of a right which most of them would inevitably have regretted.

The new insurance measure is an amendment to the World War Veterans Act. It does more than extend for a single year the period for reinstatement and conversion of temporary insurance. It also authorizes a new five-year, level-premium policy to which the present term insurance may be converted at any time before July 2, 1927. It therefore, in effect, extends the period in which term insurance may be held for six more years.

This provision is extremely important, for it directly benefits thousands of men who realize the advantages of Government Insurance, who wish to convert the term insurance they are now carrying into permanent policies, but cannot do so because of the higher premium rates called for by the permanent forms of insurance. These men within the next year may exchange their term insurance policies for the new level-premium policies, which will cost but slightly more than the old term insurance. They may then, under the law, continue to maintain the level-premium policies until 1932. Of course, the advantages of converting to one of the six permanent forms of insurance before 1932 will be obvious to any man who surmounts the financial considerations.

The need now is for a continuance of efforts to inform every service man who has not reinstated his insurance of the advantages of doing this before the new time limit, July 2, 1927. In this effort the Legion may count upon the continued co-operation of the private insurance companies which gave extraordinary help in the campaign to get as many men as possible to get right on their insurance before July 2, 1926. The private insurance companies have repeatedly testified to the advantages of the insurance offered by the Government and have freely given unselfish service to World War veterans seeking assistance in getting their term insurance reinstated and converted.

Certainly in this age few will deny that insurance is essential in the life plans of almost every individual, not only the man with present obligations to dependents but also the man who is looking forward to the time when he may have obligations which he does not have now. Insurance is an individual problem to each service man as well as to non-service men. Each man, acting on the best information and advice he may obtain, will want to decide the type of policy which will best fit his needs and the amount of insurance he can justifiably maintain. If it served no other purpose than that of bringing urgently to the attention of service men the abstract problem of insurance, the government insurance now offered would justify itself.

## Nothing But the Truth

**T**HE horns, the hoofs, the spiked tail of militarism—all these the one-sided pacifist sees in the Army War College.

Major General Hanson E. Ely is Commandant of the Army War College. He spoke before the Rochester (New York) Post of The American Legion not long ago, and his final words to the Legionnaires were:

"We have become a tremendously wealthy nation. Unfortunately, the World War has greatly reduced the wealth of most European nations. Nearly all of them are our heavy debtors. If we are to preserve our place among the great nations of the earth, we must be prepared to defend ourselves. This nation was conceived in war, preserved by war and made the mightiest nation on earth by war. To deny this is to deny the truth. With the possible exception of the Mexican War, conflicts engaged in by this nation have been unsought and unavoidable; they have been for liberty and union and democracy. To teach that war is horrible, wasteful and criminal is right. To teach that war is to be resorted to only as a final recourse is humanity and wisdom. To teach that war is to be avoided at any cost—cost of home, of honor, of virtue—is to teach decadency and degeneracy."

If this be militarism, what is truth?

## One Thing You Can't Predict

**N**O SOONER does the world fall into a reverie of peace than its dreams are blasted by the practicality of a Mussolini or a Pilsudski. Revolutions are rude awakenings for dreamers. The events of recent months prove that world peace, instead of being a cut and dried problem for sincere men to solve with formulas, still belongs among the vagaries of metaphysics. "No more war!" shouts the weary but hopeful idealist, pinning his hopes upon conferences and treaties. "No more war!" more faintly echo suffering peoples, less hopeful than the followers of visions. Then a Mussolini rattles the sword and casts a glaring eye upon coveted territory, or a Pilsudski strides in triumph through the streets of Warsaw.

An Italian people bursting with repressed ambition. A Polish people, riven into two factions, one faction believing itself intolerably oppressed, and breaking the chains of government! Why talk of ending wars when we do not know how to provide a remedy for the conditions which men are willing to die to change?

✧ ✧ ✧

After all stock market slumps, it may be inferred, gentlemen prefer bonds.

✧ ✧ ✧

That mountain in Colorado that was shifting two feet an hour a while back has evidently stopped moving. Must have figured it didn't have a chance at the headlines with everybody doing the Charleston.

# A PERSONAL PAGE

## by Frederick Palmer

It was one who knew speaking to those who ought to understand. It was the spokesman of labor speaking to mothers when William Green, President of the American Federation of Labor, asked the Federation of Women's Clubs in convention to

### *All Share This Shame*

join hands against the evil of child labor. No one may escape his share of the brutality, callousness and short-sightedness of child labor. This country is rich enough to safeguard every child in its right to a healthy, normal childhood. Child labor endangers our greatest investment for the future not only in manhood and womanhood but in material wealth. Small is the immediate product to be gained by child labor compared to the future loss of product of children who grow up to be weak and unschooled, and the greater loss in citizenship and civilization.

A grave, thoughtful man is Gustavus Adolphus, the Crown Prince of Sweden, who is looking us over. The best thing that can be said about him is the best thing that can be said about any man. He is trying

### *Gustavus Looks Us Over*

to give his best to his job, which in his case is trying to learn how to be a good king when he becomes King of Sweden.

He is seeing a land which was made by immigrants, many of whom came from Sweden and have played a high part in the making. Chicago has more Swedes than any city in Sweden except Stockholm. Americans of Swedish descent think in pride and affection of the land of their origin as all Americans may; and are making good on their job of being good Americans.

It is established that every Legion commander must be a great traveler. He finds that he has no time for his private affairs. He can have no business but the Legion. He wants no other. He is under the spell of its call and fellowship. It keeps his

### *McQuigg on the Wing*

pulses humming; his head is full of a mission as broad as the land. He sees the whole; he personifies the whole. The numerous band of "Georges" see Commander McQuigg met by delegations at the sleeping car steps who have him in tow until they put him on the train on the way to the next meeting. He thrives on it. The Legion thrives. When I saw him last he had already visited thirty-nine states and was on his way to the fortieth. He will visit all, I believe, before his term is over. Never was the Legion so sound and strong in organization and membership. Keep going!

No one appreciates a soldier's sincerity so well as a soldier. There is no such test of sincerity, the test of facing fire, as the soldier gives. In this year of the sesquicentennial anniversary of the Declaration of Independence British veterans placed a

### *Soldier's Tribute to Soldier*

wreath at the foot of the statue of the Minute Man on the North Bridge at Concord where the Colonials made their first charge in the Revolution. In return Captain Ezra B. Reed for the Minute Men, and General Preston Brown, who commanded the Third Division in the Meuse-Argonne,

put a wreath on the graves of British regulars who came "3,000 miles and died" for a losing wrong cause under orders, as the proof of their sincerity.

A tribute closer to us was when Robert V. Conrad Post of Winchester, Va., on Decoration Day, many of its members descendants of Confederate Veterans, decorated the graves of both Union and Confederate veterans on the scene of so much hard fighting.

"In this changing world," said a baseball fan as the runner was declared safe on first, "there is one thing that has not changed, and that is the distance he has to run. It was the same when they caught 'em without mitts, always has been the same."

### *The Same Ninety Feet*

When Arthur Doubleday laid out the first baseball diamond and the national game was born at Cooperstown, New York, sixty years ago he made the distance between bases ninety feet. So it has remained through all the changes of rules, though many have wished that Arthur had made it a few feet less.

A stop watch shows that, in the major leagues, the time that the ball takes from the pitcher's hand to the plate is four-tenths of a second. It takes three seconds and a fraction from the pitcher to the catcher and then to second, but four seconds for the average runner to go from first to second. This explains why second is seldom stolen in professional games, though anything may happen in a scrub game, which is the glory of the scrub game.

If we are to speak of this one country by sections I hail the news that membership is increasing in the South as a very appropriate way of celebrating the Sesquicentennial. Washington, who led the Army of Independence, and Jefferson, who wrote the Declaration, were Southerners. In the World War Generals Bullard and Summerall were Southerners; and Pershing came from Missouri.

### *The South is With Us*

I like to think that the Confederate veterans are pleased at the increase and take a fatherly interest in all Legion posts. Years ago when I was in the South and a Confederate veteran was talking to me and I remarked that my people had been on the other side because they lived in the North, I had to hug him for the flash in his eye as he said, "We gave you the best we had and all we had, but there were more of you."

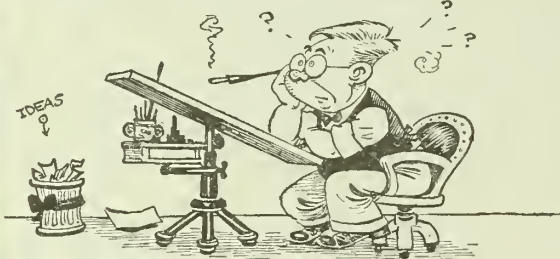
When, on our entry into the World War, a European expressed his concern whether an untrained people like we were would make much of a showing I said, "If you knew how hard we fought each other you wouldn't worry considering that we are now fighting together."

Eight years ago we were just getting into action together for our long decisive offensive campaign in France. Sixty-three years ago we were approaching the terrific battle of Gettysburg in the Civil War. There is no choice of pride between the sides at Gettysburg. It is a common American heritage, one that is the dearer to us because of the price we paid, and one which, whether in glory of Pickett's charge or Warren's ready initiative, or the grim sacrifice and endurance of the South, is an example for all generations to come.

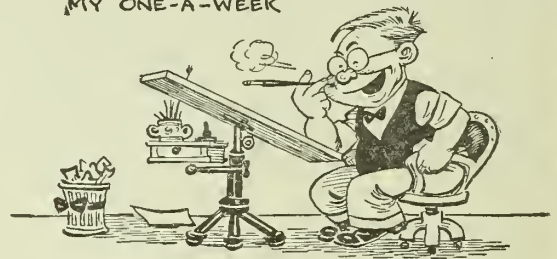
## What Is So Rare As An Idea In June?

By Wallgren

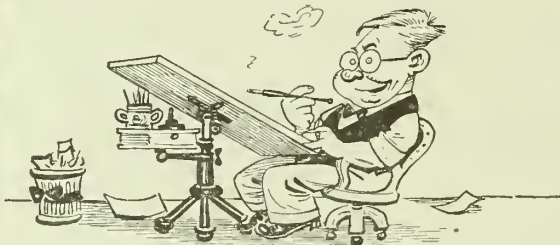
JUNE ALREADY!! GOSH!! THIS WILL BE A HARD CARTOON TO DO FOR THE "WEEKLY"—WONDER WOT I'LL DO IT ON!!? — GUESS I ORTA DO SUMPIN SPECIAL—THE "KNEE-DEEP IN JUNE" STUFF MEBBE



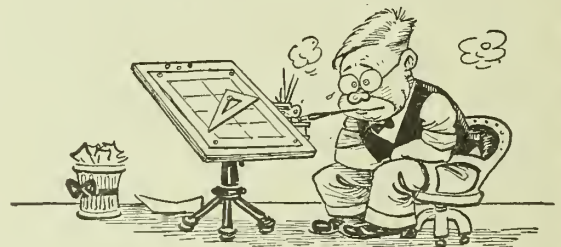
'GOSH!!—I'LL NEVER FORGET DRAWIN' CARTOONS FOR "THE STARS AND STRIPES", IN PARIS—WOOF!! THEY WUZ A LITTLE CAFE ACROSS THE STREET, AND, OH, BOY!! WOTTA TIME WE HAD AFTER I GOT OUT MY ONE-A-WEEK



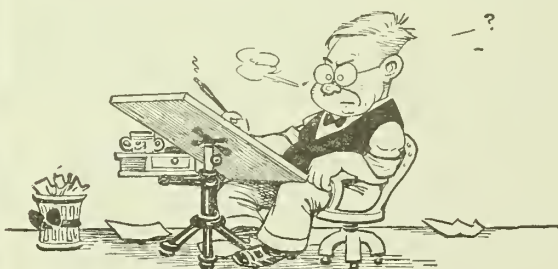
O'COURSE THIS IS DIFFERENT—IT AINT NEAR SO COMPLICATED—THE "WEEKLY" AINT PRINTED IN PARIS, AND I'VE BEEN RIDIN' ALONG ON THE WAGON FOR A LONG TIME, AND I'VE GOT A SKIPPER WHO'S GOT IDEAS OF HER OWN AN'—



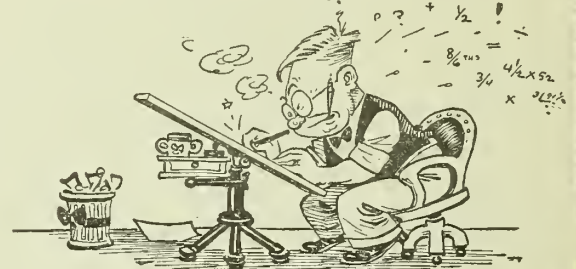
STILL—IT'S COMPLICATED ENOUGH!! A LOT OF US IS WONDERIN' IF THE FISHIN' IS GONNA BE GOOD THIS YEAR, AN' WHETHER WE'LL GO TO THE BEACHES OR BACK TO SOME LITTLE HOLE IN THE MOUNTAINS—AN'—



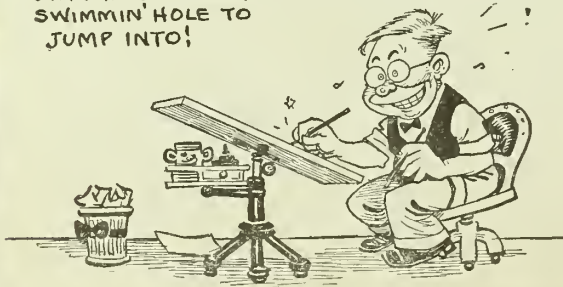
HMM!! MEBBE I SHOULD DO A CARTOON ON THAT!!?—D'BE FITTIN' AN' PROPER FOR THIS TIME OF YEAR. GOSH! IF I WUZ ONLY A POLITICAL CARTOONIST—THEM GUYS ALWAYS HAS PLENTY TO DRAW ABOUT, REGARDLESS OF THE WEATHER



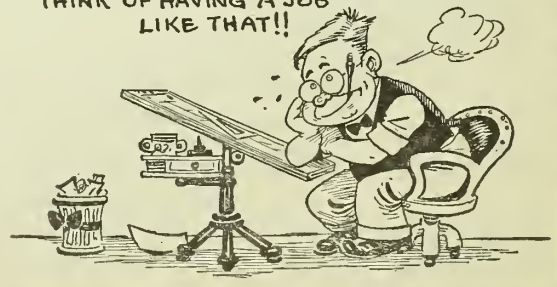
LEMME SEE NOW—HOW MANY CARTOONS DOES THIS MAKE FOR THE "WEEKLY"?—SINCE AUGUST 1921—ONE CARTOON A WEEK—FIFTY TWO CARTOONS A YEAR—SMOLY HOXES!! THAT'S 242 CARTOONS!!



GOSH!! WOTTA LOTTA WORK!! I DIDN'T REALIZE HOW HARD I BIN WORKIN'!!—SUMMER'S JUST STARTIN' AND GEE! I WISH I HAD THE OLD SWIMMIN' HOLE TO JUMP INTO!



GEE!! A GUY WOT WORKS FOR A QUARTERLY MUST HAVE A CINCH!!—OR A ANNUAL!!—ONLY ONE A YEAR!! GOSH!! THINK OF HAVING A JOB LIKE THAT!!



# Destruction

(Continued from page 5)

would do it and probably get away with it.

"Eight o'clock!" he muttered. "Well, let him come!"

\* \* \* \*

The story flashed quickly about the assembly room as the officials returned to the evening session. Deschamps commanded a sharp watch on the street that night for a tall American with reddish hair who would feel no timidity at all in shooting a mere gendarme on sight. He also put three young officers on extra duty at the station door, two others at the gate, two in the courtyard, and two more in the narrow passage that led behind the building to both the front and back streets.

The evening meeting was scheduled to open at seven o'clock. Darkness already had fallen heavily into the cobble stone courtyard. At six fifty-five, the Scotland Yard authority on finger prints arrived.

"Left leg wooden," Dean's mind guessed instantly.

A policeman carried the visitor's brief case, relieving the Britisher of everything except an extra long cane which he used in his left hand. Of ebony, the stick was made, with a silver crocodile's head for a handle. Goodhue himself looked much as Christopher Dean had expected; sick, chiefly. He was a tall, bony man, stoop-shouldered, well past middle age, with bad sight, due probably to an excessive use of a finger print glass. He wore two pairs of spectacles, the outer ones with a thick double lens. His ill, pasty, somewhat wrinkled face was enlivened only by a curly black beard that matched nicely his curly black hair. Altogether, he was more of a student in type than a detective.

The French company welcomed him noisily. Dean arose with the others and clapped perfunctorily. But he had lost most of his interest in Goodhue and finger prints. After all, who was a Scotland Yard desk man compared to Dan Lark?

He looked at his watch.

Seven o'clock to the minute. Lark had said eight.

Commissioner Goodhue sat down with difficulty at the right of Prefect Deschamps. The chairman whispered with him, and was just arising to introduce him when the brigadier of the guard rushed to the platform and, excitedly waving his arms, spoke sharply to his chief. Dean, leaning forward in his seat, heard only one word.

"Dead!"

And the question of the prefect:

"Murdered?"

Deschamps turned to speak with Goodhue for a moment, then asked Jubel to come forward and take charge of the meeting. Summoning Dean, he led the way into the dimly lighted hallway, where two plain clothes men from the Tours department, their breath still coming hard from running, waited. One of them began to talk as soon as Deschamps and Dean appeared.

In labored accents, punctuated by questions Deschamps in his irritation hurled at him, the fellow unfolded the story. They had been investigating all day the disappearance of the cabman

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Landru, whose horse had come home early in the morning without him, dragging the cab, a window broken. Late in the afternoon they had come upon the solution of the mystery. An old crone, unable to sleep, had seen a cabman named Thibault enter his house across the street with another man, carrying the body of a third. They came out of the house and took another body in. A light burned in the window for an hour. Then she heard a shot, muffled. Soon after, tired after her vigil, she had gone to bed. The two detectives had just come from Thibault's house. The speaker had lighted a candle and walked through the house. The kitchen was in disorder, as if an army of ponies had drilled there. Back of the stove, a body, the head smashed in. On the floor of the parlor another, a gaping bullet hole in his head. And on the bed in the windowless chamber, a third, his head battered in.

"Three men dead!" shouted Deschamps. "Thibault and who else?"

"Landru and a man we did not know then. He was on the bed, undressed. His clothes were folded at the bottom of—"

"In the name of the spires of Tours who was he?"

"I will tell you, monsieur." The officer took up his recital patiently. "As I say, his clothes lay on the foot of the bed. Very fine clothes. In them was no identification except the label of the Maison Gruber, here in Tours. Certainly, and the number of the suit, A-2351. I sent at once for Monsieur Gruber, who came with his account books and records. The suit, A-2351, was made in the spring of 1919." The officer drew his notebook close to his eyes and read in the poor light. "At a cost of 426 francs, there being special buttons and lining, for Monsieur Daniel Lark of North America."

"Lark!" shouted Dean.

"*Mon Dieu, mon Dieu!*" exclaimed Deschamps. "He was a wicked man! May God have mercy on his soul." He crossed himself. "Three men," he repeated, "dead in one house. It is like the war!"

Dan Lark! Dean's head seemed to float away from his shoulders. Dead! Impossible! He had thought Dan Lark too cunning to die by accident. It couldn't be Lark! Yet who else? Lark was in Tours.

"Dead?" he repeated, and addressed the word to the stone wall.

He felt, queerly enough, that his mission in France was finished. His job in the Paris bureau had been to arrest Dan Lark. Dan Lark was dead.

But why was he found in a cabbie's house in Tours? Why undressed?

Across the courtyard the policeman on duty at the gate scuffed his feet. Back in the guard room the nasal voice of Commissioner Goodhue of Scotland Yard stumbled over the French in which he was trying to talk.

Deschamps cleared his throat.

"The old woman saw two men arrive at the house and carry two others in," he commented. "Four in all. Three are found dead. Who was the fourth man?"

"Who?" repeated the city detective.

Dean did not reply. So complex a plot always worried him.

"This man you say was Lark . . . what did he look like?" he asked.

"A large man, pale, but most men are pale in death."

Deschamps grunted. Dean scowled. Across the dark, slate roofs of the old city of Tours, Dean heard the chimes of a half dozen churches striking the half hour.

"You had best go in now, monsieur, and hear the address," suggested Deschamps politely.

The broad gate swung open. Four men, bearing a litter between them, walked slowly across the stones.

"They are bringing him now, the one we identified as Lark," said the city detective.

"I will look at his body," said Christopher Dean.

"Oui, monsieur," agreed the officer. He summoned the litter bearers. They put down their burden willingly under the one staring white electric light. Dean lifted the sheet.

The man whose body lay nakedly dead beneath it was not Daniel Lark.

"No, no!" he shouted, flinging down the sheet. "This is not Lark."

He stared dumbly at the cold body of a man he never had seen before. It had been a rugged frame once. It now was wasted, a structure of big bones, with drawn skin, as if the man had suffered many illnesses. The wound that had caused death angled across the top of a head covered with close cut, curly black hair. The beard was well trimmed, as if many barbers had given it interested attention.

Dean lifted the sheet farther.

"Any body scars?" he asked.

He halted, amazed, with the corner of the white shroud pinched tight in his fingers, and stared at the dead man's legs. The right, which was thin, lay in an orthodox straight line. The left had a broad scar just below the knees, as if at some time it had been broken.

Dean dropped the sheet in perplexity. Deschamps furrowed his forehead and muttered. He motioned to the detectives as Dean turned thoughtfully toward the guard room.

"It is close to eight o'clock," he whispered. "You heard about the message that Monsieur Dean received? Good! Stay with him then, not three feet away. Let no one near. This Daniel Lark learned his tricks from the devil when the devil was young. Take care!"

Christopher Dean walked bewilderedly back into the guard room. Commissioner Goodhue still occupied the platform, but he had stopped to cough. Dean noted it, and frowned.

"Get Monsieur Deschamps, please," he heard the Englishman direct. "I shall ask to be excused for today. This throat . . ." He put up his hand apologetically. "I am talked out, gentlemen. Tonight I told you," here he coughed again, "I told you only the history of the finger print science. Tomorrow I shall go into its technical details . . ."

Dean approached the platform slowly, as if unsure of his feet. He saw that the speaker had swayed a little. His old leather brief case stood carelessly against the leg of the table. Goodhue was forgetting it? And forgetting his crocodile cane?

Courteous officers cleared a way down the aisle for the visitor.

"I beg your pardon, monsieur," Dean said in French, and touched the com-

missioner's arm, "one question. I have here . . ."

"May I be excused," the other asked, "until tomorrow?"

"It is important!"

"Well, if it is *very* important," agreed the commissioner. He raised his hand wearily to his pointed black beard. "I am tired," he complained. "It is ten minutes to eight."

"I know that, my friend. It was this that I wished to ask." Dean's feet jostled the distinguished Londoner.

"Monsieur!" protested Deschamps.

Dean lifted his left hand swiftly. There was a ripping sound, and the beard of the British commissioner flew through the air.

"Those glasses, please!" Dean barked.

Deschamps' voice rose in protest.

"But, monsieur . . ."

"Those glasses!"

The two men scuffled.

"There!" cried Dean.

The disguised face behind glasses and beard was that of Dan Lark. Under his black wig, when Dean tore it off, was reddish hair, slightly colored with gray.

"But where is Goodhue?" cried Deschamps.

"In the next room," Dean answered, "under the sheet."

\* \* \* \*

Bluff, contemptuous, self-sufficient, Dan Lark shrugged his shoulders under a dead man's cape. Carelessly he looked around the ring of faces, into the eyes of one hundred and thirty-two detectives, speechless, gaping manservants of the law that he despised. Of the officers present, only Christopher Dean was as cool as the man he had caught.

"Your note mentioned eight tonight, Lark," Dean said. "There is yet ten minutes."

"So there is," Lark answered.

He held out his hands debonairly for the chains. With a quiet hauteur that Christopher Dean had come to envy, the other strode with his guards to the door. Suddenly, with a mighty, maddened effort, he tried to break away. Men scuffled in the corridor. Deschamps plunged into the struggle. Perfect Jubel, running like an overweight ox, flung his body upon Lark's broad back, forcing him down to the floor.

And at the same moment, from over the roofs sounded the chimes of the town clocks, little and big, loud and weak, high, low, musical, brassy, speaking all together, announcing the hour of eight.

Daniel Lark, for no apparent reason, lost his composure.

"Quick!" he screamed. "Let me out! Out, I say!"

Christopher Dean stared back into the guard room. Over the heads of police officers who crowded toward the door, he saw the empty platform, and upon it the dilapidated brief case that Lark had left carelessly against his chair.

"Monsieur!" Dean shouted. "I believe . . . run! *Vite!* Out! Into the court! There, on the platform . . . that bag . . . run!"

Men obeyed, uncomprehending.

An alarm clock began to ring on the platform. Far down the corridor, Christopher Dean, listening breathlessly, heard it strike twenty taps perhaps,



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perhaps only seventeen. Then a short, sharp bark of an explosion, like the burst of a one-pounder. Glass rattled out of the windows. A fresh breeze strayed through the court. A man near the door cried "Gas!" A whiff of poisonous air touched Dean's nostrils. "Run!" he cried once more. "Outside! Into the street!"

\* \* \* \*

In a small room of the *prefecture* of Tours next morning at daybreak, six famous detectives, one of them an American, stood guard over Daniel Lark. A clock-work bomb, set for eight p. m. and concealed in an old leather brief case, had completely wrecked the wing of the Hotel de Ville which was used for a police station. But the only dead in the day's report were Commissioner Goodhue of Scotland Yard and two cab drivers of Tours, one of whom had been murdered when he attempted to protect his passenger, and the other because Daniel Lark would leave no witness to murder.

"My masterpiece," Lark told the six officers, "was a colossal failure!"

"Your masterpiece?" Deschamps gripped his hands to keep them back from Lark's big throat.

"Dean will tell you," Lark went on. "He knows how I stand. He knows how I despise you and your laws . . . all laws and all police. But I broke your laws, one by one, I broke them and I got away. But you yelped along my path next day. I disliked that. Then this opportunity came to get rid of a good many of you at once. I read of your meeting in the *Matin*. I came to Tours. By chance I rode in the same compartment with your friend Goodhue . . ."

He glanced tolerantly at Dean.

"Goodhue was a very dull fellow. Stupidier than most of you. He talked finger prints to me all the way from Paris."

Christopher Dean slipped softly through the door while Lark was still speaking. In the street outside the *prefecture*, directly below the room in which Daniel Lark was a prisoner, he met Inspector Lacarte.

"I leave at noon for Paris," Dean said. "Why? To resign from the bureau, monsieur. I am through. I remained these past six months to catch Dan Lark. He is caught. I leave him, monsieur, to your very . . . gentle . . . *mércy!*"

## Uncle Sam's Black Nephew

(Continued from page 6)

worthy arrived in Paris with his family stone-broke, sought Uncle Sam for relief, and his board bill was paid and debited against the loan. The rest of the money has never been paid, on the theory that the Liberian crisis passed with the war, and that the proceeds of the loan might help the Liberian politicians more than it would help Liberia. Liberia declared war on Germany on August 4, 1917; on April 10, 1918, a German submarine bombarded Monrovia, named after President Monroe, and sank the Liberian armed vessel *President Grant* with a loss of ten lives.

Nevertheless, in spite of poverty, paucity of numbers and occasional opéra bouffe politics, the American Negro stock hasn't done at all badly in Liberia. Descendants of the American immigrants even now number only 15,000; but they have Christianized and civilized some 50,000 natives. These 65,000 comprise the citizens of Liberia, a mere handful in the midst of the 2,000,000 uncivilized, illiterate natives occupying the interior.

Now that an American corporation has undertaken to raise rubber in Liberia, on a grand scale, with 300,000 employes in prospect when the clearings are complete, all these factors become important. Liberia, it is true, is the garden spot of the West African coast. Although well-watered, it suffers less from insect pests than neighboring regions. The Encyclopedia Britannica says that West African flora reaches its best development in Liberia; at least twenty-five different species of rubber-producing trees, vines and shrubs grow wild there, and the country is also rich in palms and various plants yielding valuable drugs and gums.

The Firestone concession includes a 99-year lease on 1,000,000 acres of land suitable for rubber cultivation, a similar lease upon 2,000 acres planted fif-

teen years ago and already bearing; and an arrangement for the general public improvement of the country, such as the construction of port and harbor facilities, roads, hospitals, sanitation, lines of communication and development of hydro-electric power. The cost of bringing the large lease into bearing will be \$100,000,000.

More important than the flora is the character of the Liberians and the nature of their institutions. The governing class welcomes industrial development, comprehends American principles of law and government, and cherishes no fonder hope than that of exchanging the present shadowy alliance for one more substantial.

Another asset is the labor power of the Liberian natives, who are rated among the sturdiest of African tribes. One of these tribes, the Kru, already furnishes the bulk of the native sailors for ships plying along the west African coast. In general the natives have taken kindly to the wage system wherever they have come into touch with it. At present Liberia's chief export is palm oil, and a British firm exercises what amounts to a virtual monopoly. Those who resent the idea of American capital exploiting native African labor on a huge scale in an agricultural enterprise may be comforted by the thought they are now being exploited by European capital.

In order to get rubber out of Liberia, American capital will have to do far more than hire laborers to cultivate the earth. It will have to make sure of regular shipping service, build a harbor with appropriate docks and warehouses, construct highways, bridges and railways in what are now jungle depths and erect dwellings for its laborers. Simply to insure efficient work it must apply modern sanitation to its labor camps and villages, provide medical attention and go in for preventive medicine in a big way.

## Out in Front, Going Strong

(Continued from page 8)

times as big as they were last year include the posts in Oglesby, in the west central part of the State, Mascoutah in the south, Highwood on the North Shore above Chicago, and Naperville and Wheaton, rivals and neighbors in the northwest section.

By and large, of course, posts that show large percentage increases this year run the same sort of history. In the early days, large membership, prospects fine. Then with General Apathy and General Lassitude in the saddle, those distinguished exponents of a do-nothing policy, a period of disaster. Finally, the awakening. Came the dawn and in the vivid, earth-quickenng sunlight the will to do, as the movie captioner would have it. So the posts are back on a firm foundation. That's not an Illinois phenomenon. It's happened in hundreds of posts all over the country.

But when one of the Illinois Department officers visited a certain city and commended a couple of these posts in a speech he made before representatives of many posts, a delegation from one of the steady-going posts that are the joy and pride of every department adjutant waited upon him and wanted to know why they had not been mentioned. They had shown a good membership increase every year, but of course in the nature of things that increase was not spectacular when measured in percentages. It was the case of the oldest son and the Prodigal son all over again. "Lo all these years have I served thee and yet never didst thou kill a fatted calf . . . ." And the officer might have paralleled the answer of the father, "Son, thou art ever with me, and all that I have is thine . . . ."

Organization has done the work in Illinois, organization up to the hilt. Department Commander Scott W. Lucas travels all over the State talking Legion membership. Department Organization Officer Bill Mundt plans and personally takes hold of the work of setting up campaigns and getting publicity, as in the case of Theodore Roosevelt Post in Aurora, described in the Weekly of a couple of months back. And Department Adjutant Heckel supplies the prod of comparison by his pithy bulletins, and gets out and around for a spell of personal visitations as well. Around these three men center the activities of the membership campaign. Their lines go out into every part of the State. Down through the districts to the counties to the individual posts seeps the enthusiasm and the will to win.

Illinois is such a large State that Department Commanders find it diffi-

cult to visit every district. But this year's commander has been in all of them, and the department adjutant and organization officer have gone with him. They have attended post, county and district meetings, have spoken to all sorts of public gatherings, and have worked early and late on the problem of increasing membership. In the southern part of the State the various posts engaged in a contest for membership. Metropolis, on the banks of the Ohio River, won first place and with it a visit from the Department Commander and his staff, the first time in the history of the Department that a commander had visited it. The post just doubled its 1925 membership. Second place went to the post in Herrin, a mining town in Williamson County which has had some unsavory publicity during the past few years. The Legion post in Herrin kept its skirts clear of the factional warfare there, and thus far this year has nearly twice as many members as in its best previous year.

So one might go on listing the posts which have done exceptional work, and without putting on too many frills fill several pages of this magazine. He might also cite the exceptional work which the Illinois judge advocate's department is doing, the laws passed by the Illinois legislature at the instance of Legionnaires which do so much for orphans of service men that the Department has not had to ask the Child Welfare Department of National Headquarters for any help. He might mention the public meetings held every Sunday and which are attended sometimes by three or four thousand people, with prominent non-Legion speakers urging ex-service men to get into the Legion. He might play up the service department, with its offices in Chicago, Bloomington and East St. Louis to help veterans of the World War in their claims on the State and the Nation. He might write an entire article on the finances of the Illinois Department, with special attention to the fact that in 1922 the department had a deficit of \$75,000 and in 1926 a surplus of \$51,000. But if the chronicler remembered that after all it was membership that was the big thing, he would cite these facts:

Illinois at the end of May had 49,512 members as compared with a few hundred over forty thousand on the same date in 1925. In the whole of 1925 it had 47,508 members. Does it look as if the Department would get the 50,000 members it wants by June 15 and the 61,000 the National Commander has asked for before National Convention time? We'll say it does.

### T A P S

The deaths of Legion members are chronicled in this department. In order that it may be complete, post commanders are asked to designate an official or member to notify the Weekly of all deaths. Please give name, age, military record.

MANUEL E. DEMELLO, New Bedford (Mass.) Post. D. Jan. 21. Served with Btty. B, 101st F. A.

OTTO K. FREI, Modesto (Calif.) Post. D. Jan. 6, aged 32. Served in A. E. F.

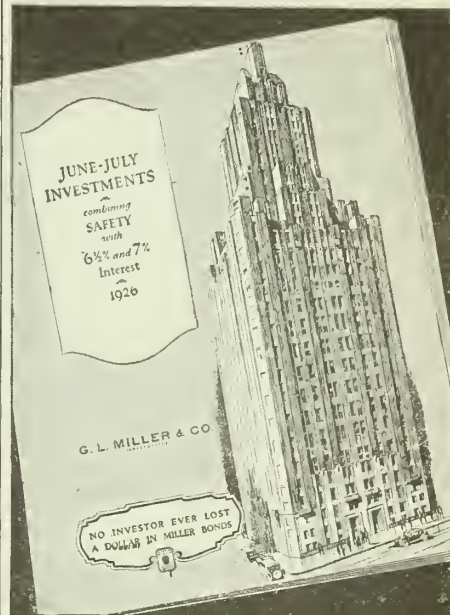
HALLIE E. MCCARLEY, Tom Schwinn Post, Wellington, Kas. D. Jan. 29, aged 36. Served at Camp Funston, Kas.

PHILIP F. MURPHY, Wardell Post, Beverly, Mass. D. Jan. 14, aged 30. Served with 609th and 307th Aero Squads.

ARTHUR PERRY, Little Falls (N. Y.) Post. Killed in Cleveland, O., Jan. 8, aged 35. Served in Army.

EDWARD H. ROEDER, Kingston (N. Y.) Post. D. at U. S. V. Hosp., Castle Point, N. Y., Jan. 15. Served with Co. M, 107th Inf.

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## Nothing to Him

"And what led up to the free-for-all fight in which you were participating?" the judge asked Clancy.

"I dunno, Yer Honor," replied the defendant. "I never was one of them folks to stick me nose in other people's business."

## Subtltularly Speaking

"Came the rosy-fingered dawn"—  
"Who goes there?" the guard demanded. What a strange phenomenon!

He had caught the dawn red-handed.  
—Tom De Plume.

## The First Shall Be Last

"My advice," orated the successful business man, "is to work hard and get married."

"Y-yes, sir," stammered the nervous beginner, "but ain't your idea kind of vice versa?"

## Slimness Is the Style

[Ad in St. Louis Globe-Democrat]  
GIRLS—For inserting in envelopes.

## Interpreted

The girls—God bless 'em!—were talking it over.

"I asked him if he loved me," stated Flossie, "and he said, 'Mon Dieu!'"  
"Oh, how wonderful!" gushed Tessie.  
"That's French for 'My Dear!'"

## Advance Information

Jenks (single): "When I marry I'm going to be the boss or know the reason why."

Jenkins (married): "Well, I know the reason why already."

## Promoted

"Were you begging on the streets?" asked the judge.

"No, your honor," disclaimed Windy Walt in hurt tones. "I solicit in the leading hotel lobbies and the better theater foyers."

## The Only Opening

"My advice to you," declared the club manager, handing the recruit shortstop his release, "would be to join one of the Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea."

## The Wages of Death

A psychic investigator had at last succeeded in getting in touch with a new spirit.

"Would it be possible for me to photograph you?" he inquired.

"It would, for fifty thousand dollars," returned the spook. "I'm the ghost of a football star."

## "The Glamor of the Uniform"

[From Detroit Times]

I was her hero and she worshipped me like a gob.

## Encouragement

"We ought to do what we can for our old employees," remarked the president of a big industrial concern.

"Yes, indeed," agreed the chairman of the board. "Let's issue an order asking all the younger clerks to address them as 'Sir.'"

## Variant No. 76,242

"What's making you laugh so heartily?" asked the Egyptologist's wife.

"Ho, ho!" roared her learned husband, looking up from the ancient papyrus he had been studying. "An amusing little incident, my dear, that happened more than six thousand years ago."

"Goodness!" she snorted. "How you do show your English blood!"

## Between Friends

"My husband fought in the big war," announced Mrs. Bloer proudly. "His company was in one engagement and only a remnant of it escaped alive."

"Gracious!" exclaimed Mrs. Barginhunt. "And you got the remnant!"

## Auto Chatter

Old Speedster's Limousine (going sixty an hour): "Say, neighbor, do you believe in this here transmigration theory?"

Young Speedster's Roadster (going around him at seventy): "Sure do. I think I'm gonna turn turtle in a minute."

## Her Qualifications

"Your bid for the construction of twenty miles of concrete sidewalk is under consideration," a city official informed a young woman who had recently gone into the construction business. "May I ask what experience you have had in this line?"

"Absolutely the best," answered the fair applicant. "I've been making hotel beds all my life."

## No Place to Hide

Mrs. Snap: "Do I look all right in my new dress, dear?"

Mr. Snap: "Better get in a little farther, if there's room."

## Looking Forward

"Little Johnny wants to be an angel," said the fond mother. "Isn't that cute?"

"I see," said the father, who knew more or less, "his thoughts are on chorus girls already."

## Heap Big Injun Wanted

[Heading in Fort Worth Record]  
Working in Teller's Cage Becoming Job for Real He-Blooded Red Men.

## Safer

"Girls were harder to kiss in your day, weren't they, grandpa?"

"Mebbe, mebbe," ventured the old gentleman, "but it wasn't so blame dangerous. The old parlor sofa wouldn't smash into a tree about that time."

## You Just Can't Do It

[Ad in New York Times]

BUY THE BRIDE'S BOUDOIR  
at any Book Shop—Advt.

## Co-operative Fidelity

In the brave old days in Salt Lake City a squad of Mormon beauties had assembled at the railroad station to bid their fiancé farewell.

"I will think of you night and day," he promised them. "I'll be faithful to you during my absence. No other bevy will have any charm for me."

## The AWOL

The chief engineer mounted to the bridge of the Ark and accosted Skipper Noah.

"Sir," he asked, "did you say we have a pair of everything aboard?"

"We have."  
"Wish I could be sure of it," sighed the C. E. "I can't find my beevieees anywhere."

## Rebuttal

"Inanimate objects," declared the professor, "cannot move without the help of some external force."

"Then, sir," inquired the fresh soph, "how do you explain a cigar going out?"

## Evidence

"I always do the little things well," announced the lunch counter clerk.

"I see," nodded the customer. "So that's how you got this job making sandwiches."

## Reward

The clerk was tardy, still he sought  
A raise.

He didn't know punctuality

Now pays.

A better knowledge now of things

He has.

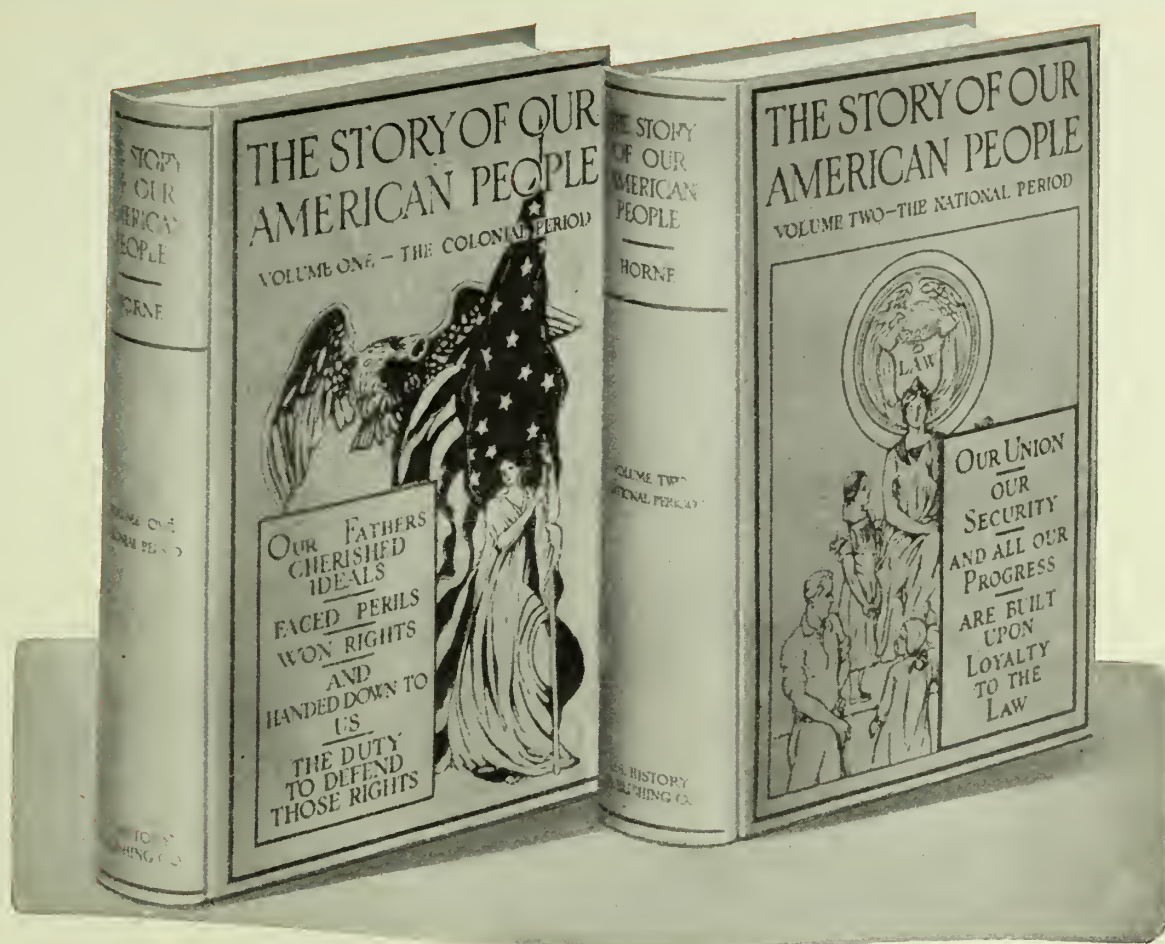
Instead of raise the young man got

A razz.

—Thomas J. Murray.



Farmer: "That there hog is champion o' six counties."  
City visitor: "Oh, yes, Er—what's his sport?"



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the cannon are roaring out their  
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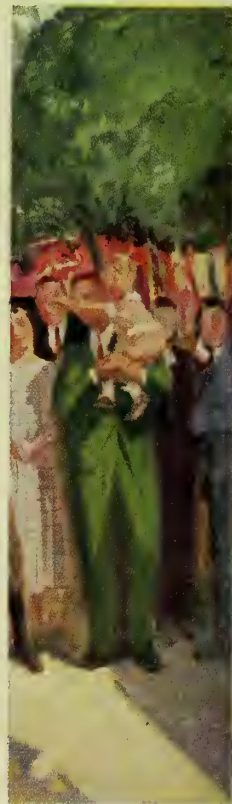
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